TO THE VVORLDS BLINDE IVDGEMENT,

that wants a paire of Spectacles *with a true sight.*

TRuth doth auouch it, and experience sayes,
Time serues vs with his worst of wicked dayes,
The world, euen like a garment waxeth old.
Selfe-loue is hot, charitie deadly cold.
The notes we haue to know our good men by
(As corrupt Iudgement deemes with errours eye)
Are wealth, and words, no matter how they liue.
Hee's a good man, that can good speeches giue,
And talke of Vertue, and Religious zeale,
Although in deeds he like a Diuell deale.
Another sort there are, the world cals best,
Onely because they are of wealth possest:
Their gold and siluer gildeth them so well,
They are the best in Parish where they dwell:
And so was *Dues*, out of question too,
Most rich, magnified with much adoe,
Vntill the end tryes truth, at dying day,
When all the worlds esteemed things decay,

J. Payne Collier

Reversida

Unique Maidenhead

S. Rowlands, but. imp: daft at beginning and end

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Perse Soc

R. S.

K

Diuels with Gluttons ſoule did merry make,
Angels, poore *Lazarus* to glory take.
Blinde iudging world, ſenceleſſe in cenſure th'art,
With greatneſſe, not with goodnes taking part:
Tell me, where's he that for true Vertues ſake,
The poore Iuſt man, will his companion make?
Where's he that is the greateſt finds-fault knowne,
Reproues his brothers miſſe, and mends his owne?
Where's he that is to ſuch a patience growne,
That he will put vp wrong, and offer none?
What's he that now a-daies doth good for ill,
And would doe hurt to no man by his will?
Point out the man, breathing beneath the Sunne,
That doth, as to himſelfe he would haue done.
What's he as willing will repay a Debt,
As he was ready truſted goods to get?
Who will not flatter Greatneſſe now-a-daies,
In all the errours of their graceleſſe wayes?
Who will in loſſes on his God depend,
And take that patiently the Lord doth ſend?
Who will be weary to be monies ſlaue,
And hauing wealth, confeſſe, inough haue?
Who will not catch (if by his craft he can,)
The meanes, and liuing from another man?
What's he that will his Couenant fulfill,
As firme by promiſe, as by Bond or Bill?
Where's he will lend of ſuperfluitie,
Without the Vſurers gratuitie?
Who is it that of faithfull true intent,
Maintaines the poore, defends the Innocent?
Sure if *Diogenes* did liue againe,
He might burne day, as once he did, in vaine,

To

READER.

THis Cryſtall ſight is not for all mens Eyes,
But onely ſerues for the iudicious wiſe,
Fooles, they may gaze as long as ere they will,
And be as blind as any Beetle ſtill:
A purblinde Momus *fleeringly will looke,*
And ſpie no knaue but's ſelfe in all the Booke.
A Sicophant, *that ſlaues himſelfe to all,*
Will his owne Knaue-Companions honeſt call,
And wilfull winke, becauſe he will not ſee,
With diuers ſorts of Buzzards elſe that be:
But theſe we leaue to their defectiue ſight,
With Bats and Owles that blinded are by light.

S. R.

READER.

THis Cry shall Gods ire not for all wards Eyes,
But onely serves for the indiction-ugly,
Fooles, they were Gaze as long as eare may will,
And be as blind as any Beetle shall:
A purblinde Mouse shall very well looke,
And pierce Kenne but a foote in all the Booke.
A Sycophant, that flames him (from all,
With fairest Colours can soonest cast,
And wylest wiles, for ought he will not fee,
With diuers sorts of Drugs can alle him be:
But true Eye sees the shiny deffeatures right,
With Reason Vnderstand blinded are by sight.

S. R.

A DRVNKARDS *Duello.*

A Worſhipper of *Bacchus*, ripe in Grape,
From merry drunk, and toyiſh as an Ape,
Fell Lyon drunkard, and in Claret heate,
His cup-companion did with combate threat,
To meete next morning in Saint *Georges* field,
Whereto the other did encounter yeeld,
And ſo they left the Tauerne very late,
The Challenger reel'd home with drunken pate,
And put himſelfe in complete armour, like
The God of battell, Dagger, Sword, halfe Pike,
And beates vpon his aduerſaries dore,
Saying, I come like *Beuis* to the Bore,
Appeare, baſe coward, rowſe thee from thy den.
The other with the noyſe awakening then,
Comes downe, and findes behinde his doore to ſtand,
A Paring ſhouell, which he tooke in hand,
And lends to braue Sir *Lancelot* of the Lake,
A blowe that made his ſteeled coxcombe ake,
Who double wounded, fell as he were ſlaine.
The other quiet went to bed againe,
And his confounded enemy lets lye,
At laſt the ſtumbling watch with light come by,
Seeing an armed man all myery foule,
They gaze on him, like Woodcocks at an Owle,

Then get him vp, and leaning on their Bils,
They ſamen him according to their skils,
As who, and what, and where, and which, and why?
And thus, and ſo, and then, and whence, and I,
Then holding of the Lanthorne to his face,
He thus deliuers them his wofull caſe:
You braue browne Bill-men that behold the wight,
Whom durt hath ſpoiled of his armour bright,
Note well the admonition that I giue,
In charitie with all your neighbours liue,
For I with malice on my friend did frowne,
And *Ioue* with thunderbolt hath ſtrooke me downe,
His very hand, none elſe hath done the deede,
My wounds are inward, for I feele them bleed,
Diſarme this heauy burden from my backe,
Knocke Vintners vp, to ſaue my life with Sacke.

The Dis-honeſt borrower.

SIr, as you euer haue (vntill this hower)
Bin my beſt friend by your aſſiſting power,
And done more for me in true action try'd,
Then all the friends I haue, haue done beſide,
So let me once againe on vrgent cauſe
(Which all my credit into Queſtion drawes)
Obtaine to borrow for a month ten pound,
And as I haue tofore, I will reſt bound
In all the duties of a gratefull heart,
Till my Immortall ſubſtance hence depart.
The money lent, as fawning friend deſir'd,
Month after month, and yeeres at length expir'd;

The

The Creditor, weary of ſuch delay,
Came to his Debtor, and intreats him pay.
Pay, Sir (quoth he?) what mony doe I owe?
What Bond or Bill to proue it, can you ſhow?
This you demand is falſe, and I deny it,
Firſt proue a Debt, and then come lawfull by it.
My anſwere is, I owe you not a ſhilling,
My conſcience is, Ile ne're pay penny willing.

Old Doting Luſt.

NEuer perſwade me, for I will haue *Beſſe*;
If I were elder, and her yeeres were leſſe,
I haue outliu'd the weary lothſome liues
Of three old (good for nothing) worne-out wiues,
And now a yong one I intend to try,
For comfort to mine age before I dye.
Perſwade me not, I will be rul'd by none,
Although to foureſcore my gray head be growne:
I will haue one that ſhall be yong enough,
Preferring tender, before old and tough,
Neither paſſe I though fooliſh people ſay,
Yonder goes cold December, match'd with May.
Looke how his browes are ſwolne within his Hat,
For thus, my friends, I am reſolu'd for that.
He that weares Horns, and neither knowes, nor thinks it,
And he that takes a Fly vnſeene and drinkes it,
Should neuer with conceit themſelues abuſe:
For what the eye ne're ſees, the heart ne're rues:
Come good-luck, bad-luck, Cuckolds luck betweene,
My foureſcore old will marry yong ſixteene.

A Fantaſticall Knaue.

SIrra, come hither, I muſt ſend you ſtraight
To diuers places, about things of waight,
Firſt to my Barber, at his Baſon ſigne,
Bid him be heere to morrow about nine:
Next to my Taylor, and will him be heere
About eleuen, and his Bill Ile cleere:
My Shoomaker by twelue, haſte bid him make
About the Ruſſet Bootes that I beſpake:
Stay, harke, I had forgot, at any hand
Firſt to my Laundreſſe for a yellow Band,
And point the Feather-maker not to faile,
To plume my head with his beſt Eſtridge tayle.
Speake to the Sadler: no, let him alone,
Hee'le looke for money, I can ſpare him none.
Step to the Cutler for my fighting blade,
And know if that my riding ſword be made,
Bid him trim vp my walking Rapier neat,
My dancing Rapiers pummell is too great.
Stay, ſtay, forbeare, ſome other time weele borrow,
I muſt take Phyſicke, and lye in to morrow,
The Doctor, I remember, will come hether,
And hee'le both purge me, and my purſe together.

As wise as Iohn of Gotehams Calfe:
OR,
This fellow brought his Hogges to a faire Market.

HVmphrey wou'd vp to London vorty mile,
He vow'd to trauell ouer Bridge and Stile,
To zee the Zitty, though his Father pray him,
And Mother weepe, and Sisters cry to stay him.
There's no perswading *Humphrey* bide at home,
He will to London spite of cocke and's combe,
When parents see nothing preuaile they can,
They point *Tom Carter* for his Seruingman,
And stocke their Yongman with good store of crownes,
Who taking leaue with all his fellow clownes,
Sets forward brauely like the Wandring Knight,
And could not take contentment day nor night,
Vntill the Citie skirts he ouertooke,
Where, as about for harbour he did looke,
To drinke a Health backe, for their townes carouse,
They cast their Anker at a bawdy-house,
The Punkes perceiuing they of prey were sped:
Intreated them to sup, and take a bed
Which *Humphrey* tooke most kinde. Oh *Tom* (quoth he)
Heere's Gentlewomen of good breed, I see,
A man shall stay at home with *Sisse* and *Ione*
And all his life haue no such kindnes showne,
At euery word w' are Gentlemen, hang gold,
Weele make it good, while fathers bags doe hold:

When

VVhen my purſe ſhrinkes, why, to ſupply our ſtore,
Thou ſhalt ride downe (braue *Tom*) and fetch vp more.
Thus hauing lauiſh'd there, away they goe:
But in ſhort time the matter fell out ſo,
The country Gull, with *Punks* was ſo bepay'd,
That he muſt needs ſeeke out for Surgeons ayde,
A burning griefe did ouertake at laſt,
And he muſt ſweat to thinke on what was paſt,
Take vp his Chamber and a while lye in.
Oh Pockey griefe to thinke where he had bin!
But Maſter Mendall did ſo hold him too't,
That in ſhort time he got him vp on foot,
VVhen *Humphrey* crept no ſooner out of doore,
But he would raile, reuenge vpon his whore,
And to the place of foule confuſion went:
His *Punke* came to him with faire complement
Demanding what hee'le giue her? Giue, quoth he?
Thou damned VVhore haſt giuen the Pox to me.
Quoth ſhe, Thou lyeſt, and doeſt abuſe me baſe
I will diſproue thy ſpeeches to thy face:
I giue the Pox? 'Tis falſe, I ne're gaue any:
I ſold the Pox, thou bought'ſt it with thy penny:
VVe made a bargaine, I had thy French gold,
And thou my French diſeaſe, full bought and ſold.
Oh 'bomination, *Tom*, let's home, I vow,
VVe brought our Hogs to a faire Market now.
No longer (Gentlemen) we will remaine:
Goe thou to Cart, and I'le to Plow againe.
But *Tom*, ſweet *Tom*, in any caſe be truſty,
Neuer tell Father I haue bin ſo luſty,
Nor tell our country VVenches I beſeech,
VVhat I haue brought from London in my breech:

For

For if thou doeſt, I ſhall be quite vndone,
As euer was any poore mothers ſonne.

A Marriage Merchant.

CAptaine, in lieu of loue I haue a plot,
Whereby on both ſides money may be got,
And thus, the Lady I did marry late,
Hath a rich Daughter liues in VViddowes ſtate,
To whom her Father gaue a Legacy
Of fifteene hundred pound when he did dye,
This money to her muſt my Lady pay,
Being executrix: now what d'ee ſay?
If I betweene my Daught'r in law and you
Doe make a match, will you releaſe this due?
Her ſtate is better then a thouſand pound,
All this will come to you as money found.
You ſhall diſcharge me paying of this portion,
And I'le gaine you a thouſand, by my motion.
Quoth Captaine Needy, Sir, with thankes agreed,
'Pray help your ſelfe and me by this good deede,
This plot betweene vs we will friendly ſmother,
And thus with one good turne, requite another.

Courteous complements betweene a Trauellor and the Hangman.

A Giddy gallant, that beyond the seas
Sought fashions out, his idle pate to please,
In trauelling did meete vpon the way,
A fellow that was suted richly gay,
No lesse then Crimson Veluet did him grace,
All garded and re-garded with gold Lace,
His Hat was feather'd like a Ladies Fan,
Which made the Gallant thinke him some great man,
And vayl'd vnto him with a meeke salute,
In reuerence of his gilded Veluet sute.
Sir (quoth his man) your VVorship doth not know
VVhat you haue done to wrong your credit so:
This is the *Bewle* in Dutch, in English plaine
The raskall Hangman, whom all men disdaine,
I saw him tother day on castell greene
Hang foure as proper men as ere were seene.
At this his Master in a raging vaine,
Swore he would call his kindnes back againe,
And in great haste after the Hangman goes,
He and his man, so basting him with blowes,
That neuer Hangman was in worser case
For a dry beaten, batter'd, fist-swolne face,
And then departing, said, Thou Rogue, take that,
For wearing clothes made me put off my Hat:
Rope-trader, keepe thy selfe to Hempe and cord,
And weare not Sutes to counterfet a Lord.

Sir

Sir (quoth the Hangman) doe not ſo diſdaine me:
Such ſwaggerers as you doe thus maintaine me:
For I vpon my backe their kindnes beare,
And they, about their necks my fauours weare.

The Diuell, and the Vſurer.

GOod husband, carefull man, to thriue and liue,
Imbrace the gainfull counſell that I giue,
Keepe not thy Coine a rusting on thy hand,
But put it out, it is thy houſe and land,
Make profit of thine owne, be't to thy Brother,
And make thy hundreds one beget another,
Thou ſhalt haue me and all the Diuels in hell
To take thy part, that thou doeſt wondrous well,
Although ſome conſcience Chriſtian, ſome nice fogle,
That will haue onely Scripture for his ſchoole,
Doe tell thee that it is a damned thing,
To be a Vſurer, and places bring
To prone the ſame. Why, man if that be all,
I can my ſelfe t' alledging Scripture fall,
As once in Wilderneſſe I did inlarge
Tis written, *He ſhall giue his Angels charge,*
Thou ſhalt not daſh thy foote againſt a ſtone.
And ſo for thee. Tuſh, let the Diuell alone.
For Vſury this Scripture I haue found,
Of him that hid his Talent in the ground,
And did not put it out to make a gaine,
As did his fellowes: here's a place ſenues plaine,
He was condemned for to let it lye,
And no increaſe of profit come thereby.

Thou lend'ſt thy money vnto one that takes it,
And very gainefull in the vſe he makes it.
He giues gratuitie to thee for lending:
You both get wealth, this courſe deſerues commending.
And therefore in the Diuels name goe on,
It is thy money thou muſt liue vpon.
Name me one handycraft, ſhew any trade,
VVill ſell his ware, at that ſame price he payd.
Let Vſury be kept in practiſe than,
For it maintaines many an honeſt man.
Innumerable multitudes of *Iewes*,
And countleſſe Chriſtians, that the trade doe vſe:
The ſonnes of *Mammon*, mony-monger ſlaues,
With bribing Seriueners, and with broking Knaues,
That if it were not for the foules of ſuch,
Lucifers Kingdome would diminiſh much,
That golden Legion are his conſtant friends,
To whom his graceleſſe fauours he commends.
And one thing more, my ſonne, thou maiſt be bold,
The Mony-monger, of all trades will hold:
When Merchant, Mercer, and the reſt proue weake,
My hold-faſt Vſurer will neuer breake.
VVho euer ſheare the Hogs, hee'le ſheare the ſheepe,
And like a Lawyer, is for catch and keepe.
They two (though with the Fox th'are often curſt)
Yet ſtill fare well, for neither of them burſt.

Vſurer.

I Doe imbrace this counſell with my heart,
Ten in the hundred, thou and I'le ne're part;

Bonds,

Bonds, Bils, and words, I'le truſt none of you three.
Bring good ſecuritie to deale with me.
Plate ſhall be welcome, with a Bill of ſale,
Faſt binde, faſt finde, ſure worke can neuer faile;
Or lend good ſummes, & haue good land bound for it,
I'le not be catcht nor laugh'd at, I abhorre it:
Neither truſt one, nor yet beleeue the other:
I'le credit pawne, before I'le credit brother.

A Roaring Boyes Deſcription.

AMongſt the Monſters of this preſent Age,
That in the world like fiends incarnate rage,
Acting ſuch villanies, and horrid crimes,
(Vnknowne to men, in our forefathers times)
The Diuell hath (amongſt his faſhions new)
Begotten children of the curſed crue,
In whoſe vngraciouſneſſe he greatly ioyes,
And theſe by name are call'd his *Roring Boyes*.
Villaines that in all villanies abound,
VVhich in the liues of Reprobates are found;
Their dayes, and nights, are thus conſum'd away,
To liue in ſloth, and eate, and drinke, and play:
God's name is neuer in their mouthes, or hearts,
Vnleſſe by oathes, to teare him out in parts.
Blaſphemouſly abuſing his dread name,
And hating thoſe that doe reproue the ſame.
The choiſeſt, louing, deareſt friends they haue,
Is *Punke* and *Pander*, thieſe and coozening Knaue,
Sharke, Shifter, Cheater, Cutpurſe, high way-ſtander,
VVith theſe, the broad wide way to hell they wander.

Your Roring-Boy is come of such a straine,
He is a Villaine dyde in brimstone graine,
And will hold out while endlesse flames endures,
(Such hardned hearts, delight in sinne procures)
If the to life, his picture you will haue,
To know him, by discription of a Knaue,
Then thus his outside carries all the wealth,
Coosnage can compasse, by frauds secret stealth:
And what our neat fantasticks newest hatch,
That at the second hand hee's sure to catch:
If it be Feather time, he weares a Feather,
A golden Hat-band, or a siluer either,
A beastly bushy head of lowsie haire,
A Horse-taile locke most nitty he doth weare,
VVasted like to some Dwarfe, oncoated Ape,
As if of Monsters mis-begotten shape
He were ingendred, and reiecting Nature,
Were new cut out and stitch'd, the Taylors creature,
An elbow Cloake, because wide Hose and Garters
May be apparent in the lower quarters.
The pockey legges, that beare his carrion corse,
Are dayly boosed, though he hacke a horse
Twice in a twelue-month, or forsweare to ride
Vntill a Cart to Tyborne be his guide.
Yet still in Russettings he will appeare,
Although with Shoomaker he neuer cleere.
His Cabage Ruffe of the outragious size,
Starched in colour to beholders eyes:
A box of Infidels and Heathens drinke,
Compos'd as hell, of fire, smoke and stinke,
His whole estate is borrow, coozen, cheate,
This is a *Roring-Boyes* true Picture heate.

How kinde goodwill, did loue requite,
Betweene a Cuckold, and a Knight.

A Knight of *Cupids* Court (with Luſt being led)
Got kindely with his neighbours VVife to bed,
And by Veneriall ſport heated (I thinke)
Moſt impudently call'd the Maid for drinke.
VVhich when it came, did proue exceeding ſmall:
But thus Sir *Turquin* made amends for all:
The frugall Cuckold for his humor ſalt,
Out of the Knight got forty ſeames of Malt.
VVhich had, he ſaid, Sir, leaſt I dye your debter,
Pray' come and taſte if now my Beere be better.
If you miſlike, before that we doe ſpend it,
I hope your VVorſhip once againe will mend it.

The boording of the Alehouſe Ship, fought ſo,
Till Smug the Smith could neither ſtand nor goe.

THere was a Smug, that delt in Iron mettle,
That in a humour to cloſe fight would ſettle,
And boord a Batke laden with Beere and Ale,
Till braine forſooke him, and his legs did faile:
For reſolute one night, (this iron-trader
Enter'd the Hulke, ſuppoſing to vnlade her.
But ſhe ſo bang'd him with her Barly ſhot
His legs to beare his body, quite forgot)
And foundring in the durty kennell laid him,
VVhere many paſſed by, but none that ſtay'd him:
VVhen wallowing with his face, late hote and fierie,
He ſings no other note, but *Ala-mi-re*,

Yet

Yet to his ſhankes that ſuffered him to tumble,
This angry ſpeech the threatning Smith did grumble,
Since you'le not beare me legs, let who will mutter,
I for this night will lodge you in the gutter.

One good turne requires another.

Margret doth know her Miſtris is a whore,
For ſhe her ſelfe hath often kept the dore:
Megg is a Thiefe, her Miſtris can proteſt,
For ſhe hath ſeene her rob her Maſters Cheſt.
But Maid (ſayes Miſtris) my abuſes ſmother,
And one good turne (thou know'ſt) requires another.

One call'd a Lady whore, (which was the ſame,
Yet ſhe (though bad) ſtood much vpon good name,
Making a vow, vnleſſe he did ſubmit,
His purſe ſhould very ſoundly pay for it.
He to ſaue charges, in a cunning vaine
Did thus recanting, call her whore againe.
Madame, I come, ſubmiſſiue vnto you,
And doe confeſſe I call'd you whore, *'Tis true*:
VVhich to recant, *Sorry in truth am I*,
Your Ladiſhip's no VVhore, *Madam*, I lye.

Dive,

Vice reproues Wickednes.

THere is no sinner in so vilde a kinde,
But with some Vices he a fault will finde.
The Prodigall, with Couetous man being met,
Said to him, Fie, base wretch, thou art in debt
Vnto thy belly and thy backe, for both
Doe want the vse of meat, and drinke, and cloth:
And thou do'st onely pinch, and pine, and spare,
To hord vp money, keeping body bare,
To cramme thy bags, and fill thy gaping purse,
Foole, beast, base-minded, none so vile, none worse.
Quoth *Couetousnes*, Thou spend-thrift of thy state,
VVhom I detest with a most deadly hate,
Thy fleshly carrion all consumes, and spends,
(Besides thine owne) what thou canst catch of friends.
To eate and drinke thy selfe in endlesse Debt,
And in the end thou wilt a lodging get
In *Ludgate*, or the *Counter*, there to lye,
Till lothsome life constraine thee wish to dye.
Then came a Drunkard, that could scarcely goe,
And he vpon a Broker did bestowe
Outragious raylings, cursing him to hell,
VVith all that euer he should buy and sell:
Vnworthy wretch, to liue in Commonwealth,
That dar'st not doe as I doe, drinke a health
To all good fellowes, that by Sea and Land
VVill pledge carouse, as long as legs can stand.
Sirra (quoth Broker) looke you fetch your pawne,
I will vnto no longer day be drawne:

You haue had time enough to pay me in,
And now I'le plague thee for thy drunken ſinne,
Baſe Knaue, I hate a Drunkard with my heart,
Though I. with Vſury will neuer part.
It is the trade by which my liuing is got,
I'le vſe it ſtill, honeſt, or honeſt not.
Drunkard, reele on, vntill the Stocks poſſeſſe thee,
Broker (quoth Drunkard) *Brandons* Halter bleſſe thee.

Inſtructions giuen to a Countrey Clowne, To take Tobacco, when he comes to Towne.

A Cheater meeting with a ſimple Clowne,
Would giue him Wine, becauſe he knew the town,
VVhere goodman *Boore* his countryman did dwell,
And all his neighbours he knew paſſing well:
Entring the Tauerne, and the wine beſpoke,
Quoth Cheater, Bring me here a Pipe of ſmoke
To purge my Rhume, by ſpetting to forſake it.
Gentleman (quoth the Clowne) would I could take it.
Sayes he, I'le teach thee, (doe obſerue me heere)
To take *Tobacco* like a Canaleere.
Thus draw the vapor thorow your noſe, and ſay,
Puffe, it is gone, fuming the ſmoke away.
The Gull, that would be a Tobaconiſt:
Had cup, or pipe, continuall in his fiſt,
Vntill with *puffe*, *'tis gone*, his ſences ſhrunke,
And he was got by practice, Claret drunke.
The Cheater tooke his time, and did pretend
To goe faſt by, and call a ſpeciall friend
To drinke with them, and ſo conuayes the Cup,
And lets him ſit, who takes his pipefull vp.

And

And ſmokes it off, with *puffe 'tis gone.* Oh braue,
The very whiffe, moſt dainty now I haue.
At length the Drawer look'd into the roome,
And ſaid, My friend, where is the Cup become?
He with his Pipe, the old tune playes vpon,
Oh braue Tobacco, gallant, *Puffe, 'tis gone.*
Gone, quoth the Vintner? by my faith and 't be,
You are the man, is like to anſwere me.
Where is the friend was with you euen now?
Wee'le haue our Cup before you goe, I vow.
He noſes it, and holds the Pipe to t' other,
And ſayes, Hey, *puffe, 'tis gone* moſt brauely, Brother.
Is 't gone, quoth he? then friend, thus much I'le ſay,
You haue the reck'ning, and a Cup to pay:
Your *puffe 'tis gone*, is like to coſt your purſe,
The reckning's ſomething, but the Goblet's worſe.
When all's diſcharg'd, that doth as yet remaine,
Then welcome *puffe*, our Cup is come againe.

Such Oaſt, ſuch gheſt, the Prouerbe ſayes,
Ill Seruants chuſe bad Maſters wayes.

A Maſter that delight in lyes did take,
Did keepe a man, would ſooth vp all he ſpake,
Who being one time with Gentlemen of worth
At dinner ſet, this lye he vented forth:
It was my hap of late to make a ſhoote,
And ſtrike a Deere quite thorow eare and foote.
This may ſeeme ſtrange, vnto all you that heare it,
But aske my man, he ſaw it, and will ſweare it.
Quoth they, This is incredible: and we
Intreat ſome reaſon, how the ſame could be.

Why, quoth his Man, euen as the Deere did lye,
My Master tooke his ayme, and letting flye,
The Deere with hinder foote did scratch an eare,
And he shot thorow both at once, I'le sweare.
Indeed (quoth they) thou do'st some reason show,
There's possibilitie it may be so,
And laughing past it merrily away,
At last his man in secret thus did say;
Sir, I intreat, that if your Worship please,
To let your friends haue any more of these,
That are so grose they lye vpon your hand,
And I vnto the proofe of them must stand,
To giue your Tales more scope into the weather,
For I could hardly bring this lye together:
The distance 'twixt the Foote and Hare was such,
That I had much adoe to make them tuch.
Therefore in selling bargaines to your buyers,
Take heed we be not (as we are) found lyers.

Epigram.

A Scholler riding on the way alone,
Fearelesse of Coine, (for money he had none,)
Was set vpon by two, that did command
With Theeues authoritie, *Deliuer, Stand,*
For *Stand* (quoth he) my masters that I'le doe,
But t' other word, I cannot yeeld vnto,
Which is *Deliuer*: Pray you giue me leaue
Before I doe *Deliuer*, to Receiue,
But yet I will deliuer, and vnfold
Aduice, that shall be better worth then gold:

Deliuer not your soule to *Satan* thus,
Remember Christ, that hath redeemed vs.
Deliuer not your members slaues to sinne,
That Newgate so doe entertaine you in.
Deliuer not your selues vnto the Barr,
To be condemned (as you know theeues arr.)
Deliuer not your Necks vnto the Halter,
But from false Knaues, to honest true men alter.
Scholler (quoth they) for this we are in debt,
We will leaue theeuing, but we cannot yet.
We are sworne Brothers for a yeere in troth,
If the Rogue Hangman, doe not breake our oath.

Epigram.

MAdam, you ouercharge me with expence,
VVhich to my purse, I finde a great offence,
This catching fashions at the first rebound,
I am afraid, will runne your Knight aground:
VVe are in Mercers bookes, and Taylors Bils,
And there remaine (God knowes) against their wils,
No helping tricke, that I to minde can call,
But make new debts, to pay old scores withall.
Sir *Barren Braine* (quoth Madam, to her Knight)
VVhat tell you me of charge? take I delight,
To haue account how you do runne in Debt?
My care is how to spend; care you to get.
I doe protest, I will not forth of dore,
Vntill our Coach haue got two Horses more.
Ride but with two? why, what sayes vulgar speeches?
'Tis very basely done, *You wrong your Breeches.*

And therefore, Sir, Harke priuate in your eare,
Giue me content, or Ile doe that, I sweare.

Epigram.

VVHat was the cause we two fell out last night?
Let's know some reason for it ere we fight,
Though thou regard'st not thy flesh, nor I mine,
Yet let's not be infeu'd by drunken wine.
Speake, prethee speake, who gaue the first disaster?
Wert thou by me, or I by thee disgrac't?
Marry (quoth t'other) as I take it, thus:
There was a Health refus'd by one of vs,
I know not which: but who did stab the chaire
Euen in contempt of her that last sate there?
Which of vs first on Mistris *Luce* did rayle?
VVho put the salt into the bottle Ale?
And thrust the Candle in the quart of Sack?
VVho call'd *Tom Roring-Boy* behinde his back?
And broke *Smels* Pipes, in spite against the wall?
This I remember very perfect all:
But cannot tell which of vs swagger'd so,
And therefore let this scuruy quarrell goe.
Rapier, and Ponyard, shall not haue the day:
Rabbet, and Pullet, they shall end the fray.

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